

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

OLIVER JOHNSON, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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THE BUGLE.

An Earnest and Affectionate Address

To all people, and especially Religious Professors of every name—from the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends, held at Watertown, New York, by adjournments, from the 4th to the 6th, inclusive, of the eighth month, 1819.

To all to whom THESE MAY COME, GREETING. RIGHTeousNESS AND PEACE BE MULTIPLIED.

Convened on a Basis of Religious Association intended to recognize perfectly the rights and responsibilities of man—not to build up a sect or party, new or old, but to promote Truth and Goodness universally among men—the condition of the human family throughout the world, and especially in Christendom, of which we form a proximate part, has engaged our serious deliberations. Regarding this subject of deep and pervading interest, we ask your earnest attention to some facts and views which we deem of unspeakable importance.

And first, as to man's nature, relations, and duties. The inquiry here is primary and fundamental: for in a universe arranged by Infinite Wisdom, Goodness, and Power, man's relations must needs harmonize with the properties of his nature, and his duties bear an exact correspondence to his relations. A slight view of man's constitution—his capabilities, wants, sympathies, affections—shows indisputably that he is fitted for vast and sublime communion with nature and with nature's Divine Architect. Communion with the beautiful, the good, the true. Communion which belongs to his senses and his soul, and with which his happiness is indissolubly connected. Every department of nature, visible and invisible, has for him its pleasures and its pains, as the unperverted or perverted principles of his own nature do their work. Every relation has its importance and duties. But the relations he sustains to his fellow man and to God the Author of his being, transcend immeasurably all others.

To his brethren and sisters of the human family he finds himself attracted and bound by sympathies, by intellectual, social, and moral perceptions, which demonstrate to him that his happiness is identified with theirs; that it is a boon of reciprocal benefits, which can only be secured by fidelity in imparting; in other words, by the practice of all the relative and social duties. If he violate any of these, the worm of misery is generated in his bosom, which never dies but with returning fidelity.

To his God he feels the relation he sustains—sublime, glorious. A sense of dependence—his need of the Infinite of wisdom, goodness, power, gush up spontaneously from the depths of the soul, when great exigencies, difficulties, fear, surprise him, and turn his imploring spirit to God. A consciousness that for his being, and all its capabilities of enjoyment, he is wholly and momentarily dependent on God, call for gratitude, love, obedience. This worship if he yield not, in conformity to the Divinely established laws of his mind, clouds of darkness veil from him the brightest beam that ever shone on man, the beam that lights the child to the smiles of the Divine Parent, and enables him in confidence to say, "Father!" And the wants of his nature unsupplied, his highest life languishes, and the worm of disgust gnaws in the dark.

Here presents THE GREAT TRUTH—a truth which no doubt has been perceived and felt by men of simple and unsophisticated minds in every age, because based on the normal action of the inherent principles of the human soul—that the substance and being of all true religion and morals are comprehended in love to God and love to man. And this truth is as beautiful to contemplate as it is great in its character and results. The wise Author of being, has made the exercise of this sweet and holy affection indispensable to that communion with nature and nature's God, and that harmonious development and growth of man's powers, from which his happiness and the perfection of his being are to be derived. Morals and religion—the one comprehending the other—must be identified with the beneficent economy of Infinite Wisdom, inseparably connected; so that the one can only be practically exhibited in its Divine and beautiful proportions, as fidelity is maintained in regard to the other. Thus universally true is the declaration of an apostle, that he who affirms he loves God while he hates his brother, utters that which can have no foundation in truth. The only certain evidence we can give that we love God, is by practically demonstrating that we love

our brother. And it is equally a philosophical truth, that as man loves God; as his mind is brought into sympathy and accord with the perfection of the Divine Nature, and he thus becomes regulated and harmonized within himself, he invariably experiences wrong and growing desire, that the harmony and unity which reign in his own soul should be permanently established in the human family, and govern all their social relations. And moreover, that all the good he participates, whether it relate to his physical or his spiritual nature, should be diffused, and become the property of universal man.

In the light of these indisputable facts, we ask you to look over the condition of our race, and to be struck with the social affections and duties; a scene of antagonisms most dire and calamitous; injustice, cruelty, oppression, treachery, malignity—in a word, hatred instead of love.

We wish not to draw the picture darker than fact demands. We joyfully recognize amid the deformities which sicken the soul of humanity, beautiful tints drawn with the rainbow colors of Heaven, and radiant with Light and Truth, and Love. And we behold the picture brightening with the lapse of ages. But looking upon existing facts, the vices, the crimes, the mighty evils which afflict communities and nations, infesting church and State, and triumphing over both—in view of these facts do we not find work for every hand and every heart, in whom any measure of love of humanity finds a dwelling place?

To some of these evils we would now call your attention. And 1. The inequalities which exist in regard to a supply of the wants of our common nature. This supply, physically and mentally, is indispensable to the happiness of every human being. The body, the beautiful temple of man's higher nature, has its demands, and in God's world of physical being the supply exists, without deficiency. But while some have a superabundance, to hoard up or "consume upon their lusts," the many, toiling early and late, have meagre fare, scarcely what are called the necessities, few or none of the luxuries or comforts of life.

If the body fares badly, the mind fares worse. The incessant drudgery to procure the body's wants, leaves no time to supply the wants of the spirit, to cultivate and develop its social, intellectual, moral, religious powers. The superior nature thus yields to the stern mandate of the inferior, and the soul is dwarfed.

Unspeakable evils grow out of this state of things. Here exist, in the same community, the two extremes of want and reptilian, of excessive toil and enervating idleness; both violations of natural law, and the Divine law, the body's wants, leaves no time to supply the wants of the spirit, to cultivate and develop its social, intellectual, moral, religious powers. The superior nature thus yields to the stern mandate of the inferior, and the soul is dwarfed. Unspeakable evils grow out of this state of things. Here exist, in the same community, the two extremes of want and reptilian, of excessive toil and enervating idleness; both violations of natural law, and the Divine law, the body's wants, leaves no time to supply the wants of the spirit, to cultivate and develop its social, intellectual, moral, religious powers. The superior nature thus yields to the stern mandate of the inferior, and the soul is dwarfed.

To this unequal and false condition of society is attributable also, a large amount of the impotence which prevails. An evil destructive at once of the bodily and mental powers, of all the sweet affections and sympathies which bind together human beings in the endearing relations of life. The opulent classes neglecting labor—man's normal condition, and, in its due proportion, among our greatest blessings, essential to health and vigor of body and mind—seek artificial means to procure that enjoyment which comes only by the natural and legitimate use of their powers, and thus resort to stimulating beverages and condiments—leaving the pure and delightful streams which the Creator has bountifully spread around them for the supply of their wants. The overtasked laborer resorts to similar stimulating poisons, under the false idea of recruiting his exhausted strength, or allaying the feelings of discouragement and anxiety resulting from the crushed aspirations of his nature.

Ought not the axe to be laid to the root of the tree producing these baneful fruits? Should not the mountain be levelled and the dark forests hewed down, that the springs may be dried up whence issue these bitter waters? And can we remain in apathy and indifference to such a state of things, if the love of man live in our bosoms. Verily, say.

2. War. Among the evils resulting from the misdirection and perversion of the principles of man's nature, the practice of War holds a horrible pre-eminence. How melancholy the reflection, that beings gifted, as we have seen, by the Author of their existence with abilities for high, and holy, and felicitous communion one with another and with the Infinite Divine Mind, have been, through the various ages, and still are, directing these powers to the terrible panoply of War; engaged in conflicts with each other in which all the malignant passions find their appropriate exercise, and the pure feelings of our nature—benevolence, mercy, love, humanity—perish! Brother bathing the cold steel in the life-blood of brother, or by the instruments of destruction tearing and mutilating the most beautiful of earth's temples—the house of the soul immortal!—Could the laws of the physical universe be staid, well might the sun veil his face, and all nature be shrouded in gloom, at a spectacle so horrid. And yet

what do we behold? Those who name the name of Christ, and profess to worship the same God, in positive contradiction to the precepts and the practice of Jesus, engaged in these bloody conflicts, not only with the children of the same Universal Parent, of the same name, but even upon fragments of his own race, and those who profess to be brethren as ministers of his gospel of peace, are found arrayed on embattled hosts to the work of death—profaning the name of God by using it as an incentive to the respective assailants, and chanting *Te Deum* for victory achieved; for enabling them to slay the brother with the sword!

A universal and desperate contest, to convince the sincere and dispassionate inquirer, that slavery, in—reducing man to a chattel, a beast of burden, an article of merchandise, an instrument in the hand of an owner, annihilates marriage; crushes the natural affections implanted in the mind by its Divine Author; utterly disregards the duties of husband, parent, child, brother; in short, violates every right of mind, and every moral law of God. It does the first, by prohibiting the use of man's physical and mental powers to promote his own happiness, and the happiness of those connected with him in the various relations of life—the second, by making it impossible for the slave to perform the duties which God requires, and to enjoy the happiness intended for man in the fulfillment of those duties;—and consequently, on the part of the SLAVEHOLDER is a flagrant violation of Justice, Mercy, Goodness, Love, and every moral principle; while, by stepping between man and the Divine requirements, it is a practical and blasphemous denial of God's right to govern his creatures, and is essential and most palpable Atonement. In addition to this, it debase what is most noble; defaces what is most beautiful; sunders the dearest connections; crushes intellects, breaks hearts, and degrades bodies. It brings into action the worst feelings and passions; destroys religion, spreads moral pollution in the community; paralyzes industry, and even blasts the soil. It is enough to say, that this mighty wrong, this giant sin, numbers its three millions victims in our own country.

Could an evil of such magnitude be continued in our midst, were there vitality in the religion—in the churches of the country?—were not the ministry emanating from the ten thousand pulpits in the land, infidel to truth, to love, to humanity; and their occupants, consciously or unconsciously, caterers to the fidelity, the Atonement which marks the system, and the complicated iniquities which are its attendants? Verily, say.

3. Allied to this inquiry is the *Tragedy against Color*, so abominably prevalent among us. Man is identical in the elements of his being wherever found on God's earth; his feelings, his sorrows, his joys the same; the aspirations of his soul embrace alike the interests of time and eternity. And shall he presumptuously conclude, that he who has diversified creation with every hue, intended that the variety of complexion in the human family should separate his children from each other, or form a barrier to their mingling in common brotherhood? Shall he, in the indulgence of this unholy prejudice, deny even the power of Religion to remove it, carry out his practical ungodliness by transporting his brother to other climes? So proclaims the cruel and unjust scheme of colonization—and the Religion of the Country sustains it.

5. Bearing close analogy to the system of slavery, is the condition to which woman is reduced, by the practical denial of her equality with man, in rights, privileges, duties, and responsibilities. A similar disregard of the fact of the identity of human nature, and infidelity of self-evident truth, exists in this as in the case of chattel slavery. The identity of human nature is the pre-eminence of the equality of human rights. If human nature be the same, then interests, capabilities, responsibilities, rights, are the common inheritance of all, from the common Parent. And all these are facts of indubitable consciousness. Yet of these facts there is a practical denial in the arrangements of society, almost every where; and the authority of Religion is claimed, by its professed ministers, for this unspeakable wrong done to one-half the human family!

Can religion be at variance with nature—with the facts of consciousness?—Then laws are in conflict with themselves—religion is an arbitrary thing, and man an Enigma!—Love to God and love to man, are terms of no significance. They may mean hatred, injustice, cruelty, oppression, or any thing that assuming or legalized teachers may interpret. In vain are all appeals to principles of benevolence implanted in our nature, or to our perception of any Divine or moral attribute. AIsa, for the theology of the schools—of professed ministers of religion! Here is the soil from which the mighty Tree of evil, whose branches overshadow the land, derives much of its sustenance.

We have seen the fruitfulness of the Religion of the churches, respecting great evils which exist in our midst. It is not wanting in regard to the "mint, anise, and cummin"—in zeal for ceremonial usages and theological dogmas, as Water Baptism, the Supper, Trinity, Total Depravity, Vicarious Atonement, an Imputed Righteousness, &c.; which may all be as punctiliously observed, as readily embraced and firmly entertained by the immoral, as by the pious and good—and the latter even more readily. But regarding these flagrant evils, it is blind, and deaf, and dumb! In the practical exemplification of love to God and humanity, the Church of Christ, so called, has probably no pre-eminence over the Church of the World; probably falls behind it. In doctrine it is not less defective than in practice. To this point we now ask your serious attention.

We speak in general terms of the theology of the churches of Christendom when we say, it starts with the non-recognition and even denial of the most momentous and glorious Truth that ever dawned on unconscious man, the fact that God dwells immediately in the human soul—which, of all earth's buildings,

has reared as his highest temple—writing here, in characters forever fresh and new, his perfect Law of Righteousness and Truth, which each may read and study for himself, and being perfect and unchangeable, and as the same relation to man he has ever maintained is as perfect to the human mind, in all the fullness of the Divine life, as was in any age of the world; as ready to inspire the faithful and obedient soul now, as the man of any generation; as he was to Moses, as Isaiah, as a Socrates, a Jesus, Paul, or the wisest and goodest of any age.

The denial of this sublime fact—not a speculation of the fancy, but a fact of consciousness, resting on the affirmations of universal human nature—is the greatest ideal error that ever entered the mind of man, and in the practical tendencies most prejudicial to piety and goodness. If God has made the soul of man for intelligent communion with himself, the recognition of the fact is essential to the right use of all his powers. The nearer and more intimate the sense of the Divine presence, the recognition of the operations of Divinity, the more perfect this communion. The yearnings of our unperverted nature demand it. They require, not a God afar off, but a God near at hand, to whom the soul may turn for wisdom, for strength, for counsel, for consolation in the trials and exigencies of life, and receive them immediately from the Infinite Fountain.—The maintenance of man's spiritual life—of his filial love, requires it. The pure flame of piety must be kindled by Heaven's own fire, and sustained by materials from the treasury of Divinity. And in God's world of perfection, in which there is neither error nor deficiency, these yearnings of our nature, are so many living testimonies that the supply is at hand; that the Father has not forsaken the child.

But the theology of the churches calls men, for the knowledge of God and his will—for wisdom, counsel, strength—not to the demonstrations of his presence, the operations of his Divinity in their conscious natures, but to some word, or record out of themselves, the production of man; telling them, God inspires not men now as he was wont to do in other days; that it is not our privilege to receive Truth immediately from the Infinite Source that we must receive it at second hand from the records of men of former ages. Thus mankind are turned away from God, the Central Light of the moral universe, and the spirit is involved in darkness. The deepest springs of the human soul, which would instinctively flow back to the Fountain whence they came, are turned from their natural course, and dross to man's spiritual nature supervenes.

The religious element, however, being a constituent of his nature, still acts. And turned thus from God to that which is creaturely, as a natural consequence he relapses into idolatry. A book, or the prescriptions of men, or some of the objects of the visible creation, or whatever to the mind, in its misdirected state, is the highest standard of truth, becomes the object of adoration, and takes the place of the Holy One. And hence, in Christendom exists, wide and deep, and has existed for ages, the fact of *Idolatry*. The imperfect work of men, more or less inspired, living in comparatively rude periods, and undeveloped epochs of the human mind, is made to take the place of that Holy Scripture, written by Omnipotent God on the living principles of man's nature, and under circumstances which, agreeably to the law of progress, should admit of higher light.

Man never departs from Divine law without bringing upon himself disastrous consequences. Leaving the Fountain of living waters, he hews out to himself broken cisterns. Leaving the Great Central Light of moral and religious truth, he wanders in darkness. Taking for his standard of morals and religion, not the unchangeable and universal principles of the Divine nature, but something bounded by human limitations, his standard is limited, partial. He has not the basis of unity God has laid. The consequence is, he becomes a sectarian, a partisan, a religious bigot. He becomes exclusive and intolerant. The very principles of his nature are perverted; the benevolent sympathies and affections, are turned into gulf by Religious Fanaticism, and he becomes a persecutor of his brother, whose conclusions agree not with his own. Thus has the world been deluged with blood. And is it not true that in Christendom, the Bible (not its moral truths), has been erected into an idol, before which more worshippers have been bowing down than ever did homage to any idol of wood or stone, and to which probably more human sacrifices have been offered; than to any Moloch or Juggernaut ever erected in Heathen lands! But, passing the age of these terrible scenes has passed, let us look at the present effect of this fundamental error. The gospel of peace and love, in its progressive unfoldings to the human mind, is bringing into view the moral deformities, the vices—many of them born with age—which exist among mankind; to some of which we have definitely adverted. In the records of the imperfect past, precept and practice, apparent or real, in justification of these evils, can naturally be found, and are resorted to, by those attaching to them an idolatrous veneration, to arrest the progress of reform.—Hence the Bible is appealed to, to sustain the sins of slavery, and war, and the deprivation of woman of her rights, and even the use of intoxicating drinks—and might with equal justice be appealed to, to sustain Polygamy, Concubinage, and Persecution on account of religion. And in proportion as it is made The Standard, the work of reform must be impeded. For not being a unitary whole, there must ever be a conflict between the beautiful and lustrous truths it contains—truth which will be venerated while morals and religion exist—and the errors of positive statutes and practices associated with

them—errors in everlasting hostility to sound morals and true religion.

Brethren and sisters! we beseech you, calmly and seriously reflect. God is the Primary Cause, the Fountain of Truth; the Bible, and all other human records, whatever their excellence, but the secondary effect. To give any of these the precedence over his law written immediately in your own minds, is to be infidel to God, and regardless of his love and goodness, who has fitted your natures for communion with his own all-perfect spirit. And, in proportion as you are infidel to God in this great fundamental point, will you be infidel to humanity. The love of man will decline—however you may deceive yourselves, by substituting for it a zeal for abstract opinions and for forms and ceremonies, which may be strictly observed without your suffering and degraded fellow-beings, and without prompting to one active effort for their relief, and elevation to the glory and dignity of their nature.

Let us then appreciate our privilege, and maintain a lively sense of our responsibilities. Let us ask of God, truth, goodness, love, and be faithful in their application to practice in all our relations. So shall we be furnished by our Heavenly Father with strength for the work of our day, and each be qualified to do his portion of labor toward hastening the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Signed by direction of the Meeting,
THOMAS MCCLINTOCK, Clerk.
RHODA DE GARMO, Secy.

A "Naughty" Question.

We find the following in the Danville (Ky.) Tribune:

Mr. Editor: In reading my Bible I came across this passage: "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh!"—Gen. ii. xxiv. The marginal notes referred me to Eph. v. xxi.; Matt. xix. v. and Mark x. vii. ix., where the same is repeated with this addition: "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The thought struck me, if this be God's command, which we must obey before all human authority, how can our slave laws, which permit and necessarily cause the involuntary separation of husband and wife, be in accordance with the scriptures? But, knowing there are very often exceptions to general rules, with the help of a concordance I searched a long time to see if I could find a text giving to the master the power to dissolve, at his own pleasure, the marriage relation among his slaves. But being unable to find any, I have concluded to ask you, or any of your numerous readers, whether there is such a text in the Bible.

Advocates of slavery would tell "Inquirer," that this power of separating husband and wife is wrong; but that it is not essential to the system of slavery. Yet they are doing all in their power to perpetuate the system as it is—a system which gives a single man authority over the laws of God. Members of the church and ministers of the gospel are found who are opposed to any interference with slavery as it is, when they can scarcely open their Bibles without meeting with some passage referring to the sacredness of the marriage relation! A stranger who should see men professing earnestness in all the duties of religion, and at the same time defending a system directly violating one of the most important commands of that religion, would be struck with amazement. "What," he would say, "do you pretend to love God when you support a system by which authority is given to violate his commands?" "Oh," the answer would be, "this power given to the master is not essential to the system of slavery. We are friends to slavery in the abstract." "Ah, indeed!" would the stranger say, "then you, of course, intend to exert yourselves to have the system purified, so that you can support it without violating your God's commands." "Well—ahem—ah—ah—good morning!"—*Louisville Examiner.*

SLAVERY IS DOOMED.—Surveying these movements, I say, in calm reflection, this system against which we are marshalled—slavery—is doomed in heaven, and therefore doomed in America, and in all other portions of the earth. If I rightly read the signs of the times in which we live, and on which I rejoice that my lot has cast me, slavery has become universally doomed. I would say to its unhappy as well as criminal adherents—"be wise in time, 'tis madness to defer—come out and be separate—be that helpeth shall fall, and he that is helped shall fall, both shall fall together." You, my fellow laborers, I congratulate; events are crowding on, wind and tide, aye, every anomalous eddy is in our favor. Fear not, only be strong—the Emancipation Jubilee. May it not be with blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke! May it be like ours—calm, bloodless, joyous! May God send it speedily; and as his is the gift to his glorious name be all the praise.—*Dr. Ritchie.*

The day of emancipation for the slaves in Kentucky seems to be close at hand. Even the most influential of the slaveholders are becoming convinced that slavery is a curse to the growth and prosperity of the State, and they are willing and ready to unite upon some plan for doing away the curse.—Kentucky has the soil, material and intelligence for ranking second to no State in the Union, and she has only been held back by the force of an institution which every where exerts the same blighting influence upon free soil and free labor.—*N. Y. Sun.*

There is not a single prisoner in the penitentiary at Iowa. During the past year, there have been one conviction, two pardons, and one escape, which leaves the prison empty.

Difficulty at a Town Meeting—Negro ho

A correspondent in Cass Co., Mich., gives an illustration of colorphobia at a town meeting in Mason, which shows, in rather a ludicrous light, the prepossession of customs prevalent in this country. It is this: In the town of Mason there is a settlement of blacks. Not seeing any particular show of justice or reason in the laws which exclude them from voting, simply on account of color, they took it into their heads, when an opportunity occurred, to go and offer their votes. They expected to be repulsed; and so they were—all but one. This one was so nearly white that the wise fathers of the town believed him to be a pure Anglo-Saxon, and recorded his vote. Here, however, they got into a quandary, for it was bruited abroad that a nigger had voted. But who was the nigger? There happened to be a good many rather dark-complexioned individuals thereabout, and there was danger that some of the principal men of the town might be found to be partially African. At length the difficulty rested between two—the one who was really of negro origin and another who claimed to be white. These two men were ushered with all ceremony before the Board, that they might undergo a searching examination, and have the very important question decided, which of them was the "tarnal nigger" that had presumed to give his vote, when only white folks are allowed that privilege. After having subjected the two men to a rather microscopic inspection, the apothecary of the Board arrived at the very sagacious conclusion that the white man was the nigger. "O," said he, "I can see it in his eye." What this Solomon saw in the white man's eye, that proved him to be a nigger, our informant does not say. Perhaps no one knew exactly. I suppose that in consequence of the decision of the Board of Mason, the vote of the white man was rejected, and that of the "nigger" accepted. "It," by some unaccountable freak of Nature, did not happen to have got into that black man's eye; and the absence of "it" necessarily made him an intelligent and legal voter in the town of Mason, Cass Co., Michigan! "Oh what a tangled web we weave," when once we depart from the direct and unvarying principle of "right for all"—*J. D.*

MORE SLAVE NARRATIVES.—Henry Bibb, the well-known fugitive slave, has just published, in elegant style and with sundry pictorial illustrations, a narrative of his Life and Adventures, written by himself, and remarkably well-written too. Of all the narratives that have been published, no one exceeds this in thrilling interest; and of all the subjects of them, no one appears to have seen and suffered so much as Mr. Bibb. It is a book for the rising generation in particular; and we could wish that as many copies of it could be sold during the present year, as there are slaves in the United States.

There has also just made its appearance, in a pamphlet of 76 pages, "The Life of Josiah Henson, formerly a slave, now an inhabitant of Canada, as narrated by himself." Boston: Arthur D. Phelps. Mr. Henson is widely known and esteemed, and is no ordinary man. His narrative deserves a wide circulation, being carefully written, and abounding in incidents calculated to melt the heart and nerve the spirit.—*Liberator.*

OLD PLYMOUTH NUMBER ONE!—At the last annual meeting of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society, it was voted that a semi-monthly meeting of the Society be regularly held, in order to "work while it is day," and to "make hay while the sun shines"—in other words, to keep the cause of the slave yet more prominently before the people, that the period of his bondage may be shortened. Judging by the highest and purest test of abolition, old Plymouth is the "banner county" in the Commonwealth—i. e., in all the land—and Abington is doubtless the banner town.—*Liberator.*

"Taylor and Free Soil."—At the last Presidential election the free States gave more than 2,000,000 votes; the slave States a little over 800,000—the free States giving nearly three-fourths of all the votes. Yet, four of the seven members of the Cabinet, and a large majority of the foreign Ministers and Charges d'Affaires, are from the South. Having less than one-third of the votes of the Union, the South, as usual, has the lion's share of the posts of honor and influence.—"This is an evidence of the Free Soil tendencies of the administration."—*Boston Rep.*

CHOLERA A LIBERATOR!—It is estimated, say an exchange, that full one-tenth of the slaves of Louisiana have died of cholera.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

THE PROPOSED CONVENTION.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

FRIEND JOHNSON: I notice in the last Bugle, a suggestion for the holding of a Convention some time this Fall, of the Anti-Slavery Young Men and Women of Ohio.

Permit me to say, in the first place, that I highly approve the measure—and secondly, to offer a remark or two in regard to the time, place, and manner of holding said meeting. The early part of October would be as late, I think, as we could expect to have good roads; and probably as soon as would generally suit people to attend it. The place, say Warren, or some other point easy of access. The manner of getting it up I would desire to be somewhat as follows:

Let the Anti-Slavery Men and Women of Salem, and as many other places as could be represented, who are favorable to the project and plan, meet together and conclude upon a time and place; issue a call to their brothers and sisters of Ohio, and wherever else they may choose to come from, without distinction of sect or party—to come together in Convention, for the purpose of directing public attention to the enormity and wickedness of American Slavery; and the stern necessity for its immediate abolition.

I would have no objection to the presence of Parker Pillsbury and James N. Buffum, of N. E.; on the contrary would be glad to see them, but to have them specially invited, and publicly announced to be present, I would think not best for these reasons: When "Lions," or those who are made so, are expected to be at such places, many, who are abundantly able to give interest to the meeting, and who would otherwise go, remain at home, thinking that the time will be occupied and perhaps better occupied than they could do it. And where "Lions" are present, there is an unwillingness on the part of others to speak, or of the meeting often times to have them speak. Again, when, as in the Bugle's suggestion, persons prominent before the world as advocates of a particular party are publicly invited, it of course stamps it as a party movement; and to some extent prevents sincere opponents of Slavery from attending.

I would therefore suggest that there be no public invitations of persons either as speakers or as hearers—but let all who feel an interest in the cause of the oppressed be invited to come together, and, in the enjoyment of the largest liberty of speech,

"Proclaim their thoughts,"

J. S.

RAVENNA, July 16, 1849.

FRIEND JOHNSON: The Bugle of the 14th inst. has come to hand, and I have just finished reading your leading editorial, relative to the suggestion of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society to hold a Convention of the Anti-Slavery Young Men and Women of Ohio. In that article you ask, "Will you have such a Convention?" For myself, my answer to the above question is a decided affirmative; the proposition meets with my hearty concurrence. I think such a Convention would do much to further our cause in the West.

The great duty of secession from a slaveholding Government and Church is not agitated sufficiently. A duty of such vital importance should be urged upon the American people with untiring zeal. Our cause is one which demands our continual watchfulness and united energy in its support. In the present conscience-seared state of the public mind we cannot raise our voices too loudly against a Government that upholds the system of Slavery, or a Church that appeals to Heaven for its support.

In view of these things I am of opinion that a Convention of the Young Abolitionists is much to be desired. It is evident to my mind that another general meeting should be held the present season. Once more let the rallying cry go up, "No Union with Slaveholders,"—and may it speak in thunder tones to the hearts and consciences of this nation of slaveholders.

As this subject is in "Committee of the Whole," I have spoken thus freely, hoping all others will do likewise. I would name Randolph, Putnam County, as the place, and the 6th and 7th (if held two days, if not, the 7th), of October, as the time.

Yours always,

ARIEL CASE, 23.

THE DEMAND FOR A CONVENTION must be louder before the Committee will feel authorized to issue a Call. Friends of the Slave! are you asleep, that we do not hear from you more promptly!—Ed. Bugle.

MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.—The members of the New York Bar, according to a report in the Tribune, lately held a meeting and adopted resolutions upon the death of Hon. D. B. Ogden, and then passed a vote, "that the proceedings of this meeting be published, and that a copy of the Resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting and transmitted to the deceased." It has long been the opinion of many that lawyers hold communication with a certain region in the spiritual world, but we hope the departed member of the New York Bar has been consigned to a place so uncomfortable as that generally reputed to be, if, as we trust, he has gone to a better place, we are curious to learn the means by which the resolutions are to reach him. Will they be sent through a clairvoyant?

South Carolina's Prisoner.

The Cleveland True Democrat informs us that JOHN M. BARRETT, who now lies in prison near Spartanburg, S. C., charged with being an 'incendiary' and an agent of the Abolitionists, and whose case was noticed in the Bugle of the 14th, is a young man, 24 years of age, and a citizen of Indiana. He was never connected with the Abolitionists, but has always been a Whig, until he became a Free Soiler. He went South under the advice of his physician, hoping to find relief from a bronchial affection. The Democrat says he is a most amiable and prudent young man; decided in opinion, but never offensive in speech; anti-slavery, but ultra in nothing. He is the author of the Indiana Free Soil Address. He spoke to no slave; not a word, in this respect was proved upon him. The letters and documents found in his possession contained not a line that could by any possibility be deemed incendiary. And yet this amiable and inoffensive traveler, though an invalid, lies in a Southern prison, a victim of slaveholding suspicion and malevolence! This affords a fresh illustration of the sort of freedom secured to Northern men by the U. S. Constitution! Down with the Union! Down with every institution, religious or political, that stands in the way of the slave's redemption!

Politics.

There are some movements now going on among the politicians, of which we shall probably have something to say next week.—Gen. Cass, having at last emerged from the 'noise and confusion' of the Presidential contest, has come out in a characteristic letter, in which he looks one way and rows another. Gen. Scott has made a bid for 1852 in the shape of a letter in favor of the Annexation of Canada to the United States, and Calhoun has come out with a broadside against C. C. Benton. The Barnburners (including the old Liberty party) are billing and cooing with the Old Hunker Democracy, and trying to settle the basis of a union between them. The Whigs are in connivings from the fear that they will not be able to command a majority in the next Congress, and that a union between the Free Soilers and the old line Democrats will drive them from the public crib. All these things shall receive such attention at our hands as their relation to the Anti-Slavery cause demands.

Slaveholding Democracy.

The sham Democracy of Georgia, in a State Convention held on the 11th inst., after denouncing the Wilmot Proviso, and threatening to do some indefinite but 'very terrible' thing if it shall be adopted by Congress and not vetoed by the President, proceeded to adopt the following resolution: Resolved, That we recognize among mankind in all ages and all countries (except where parties may be hushed by absolute despotism) two great parties in politics, viz: on the one hand, the party of special privilege and monopoly, seeking unjust dominion over their fellow-creatures, through artful contrivances; and on the other, the party of equal rights to all, exclusive privilege to none, binding the rich and the poor together by the fraternal tie of political equality—that repudiating the principle of the great Abolitionist or Conservative party of Christendom, and sympathizing deeply with our Democratic brethren in Europe in their struggles for Free Government, we can but mourn for their defeats and rejoice in their triumphs.

On this the N. Y. Tribune says: We confidently challenge an overhauling of all the records of human hypocrisy in search of anything half so audaciously impudent as this last resolution, in view of those directly preceding it. Can it be possible that any considerable number will continue to be swayed by this windy talk against 'Conservation,' Monopoly, Special Privileges, &c. and in favor of 'binding the rich and the poor together by the fraternal tie of political equality?' Is there a white laboring man so bat-eyed as not to see that the color of the Slave caste in the South is mere accident—that Slavery has really no respect of persons but only of opportunities? It must be that the essential antagonism of struggling for slavery Extension and slaveholding over 'our Democratic brethren in Europe' will, ere long, be made obvious to every capacity, including the lowest. We dare these Georgia Slavery Extensionists to name a single country or province of Europe, whose people, struggling for liberty, would recognize these audaciousness of women and children as 'Democratic brethren.'

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT, &c.—F. Douglass acknowledges the kindness of the steward of the steamer Hendrick Hudson, during his recent passage from Detroit to Buffalo.—Every attention was paid to him which the delicate state of his health required. We are glad to record a circumstance so creditable to the management of this popular steamer, and hope the day may speedily arrive when kind and respectful treatment of colored travelers on the part of those who manage our public conveyances will not be a fact so rare as to require public notice.

THOMAS EARLE, of Philadelphia, died at Willow Grove near that city, on the 14th inst. aged 53 years. He was a man of strong intellectual powers, of great disinterestedness, and unbending integrity. He has been a warm political Abolitionist for many years, and was the candidate of the Liberty Party for Vice President in 1840. He was the originator of the Reform Convention which revised the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and fought valiantly as one of its members for Equal Suffrage for the people of color.—His death will be widely lamented.

Treatment of Criminals in Cincinnati.

MR. JOHNSON: A short paragraph in the Bugle a few days ago, in reference to the criminals of Cincinnati, who are chained to work on the road, reminds me of what I saw in that city myself in 1839.

My business called me into the Court House. There was a youth in the criminal's box, about 14 years old, of a manly, dignified countenance; so every one would say, who could see any good under a dark skin. He was about the color of Frederick Douglass, and I have no doubt, from his phenological developments, that he was nearly equal to Frederick at the same age. He was undergoing trial for stealing some small item of clothing. The Judges, Jurors, and Lawyers all seemed indifferent about the result; their only anxiety appeared to be that of quickly dispatching the case. The boy himself appeared deeply interested in what was going on. But his countenance evinced any thing but a consciousness of guilt. The only witnesses against him were two colored females. I could not hear their testimony; but, judging from their tone and manner, it was quite evident they were actuated by an ill-feeling towards the accused. When the trial, which only lasted but a few minutes, was through, the Jury, without leaving the box, gave a verdict of guilty. The Judge immediately sentenced the prisoner to some months imprisonment in the city jail, and six months work on the road in the chain-gang. When this inhuman sentence was pronounced, a gush of tears bespoke the feelings of the poor boy's heart. He was led away to his cell by the sheriff, without the least visible manifestation of sympathy from any one in that assembly. He sobbed heavily as he was led out of that hall of in-justice by the tyrannous hand of Power; all hope of justice or mercy from any quarter having fled, and left his heart cold and hopeless, perhaps never again to hear a kind, sympathizing voice; certainly never, till released from the grasp of those unforgiving tyrants of the Law. But this is the way the religion of the day has of manifesting its love of justice and mercy. Kind words and gentle admonitions, at that time, would have done more for both the individual and the State, than all the jails and chains in Cincinnati.

That afternoon, I went a mile out of town on one of the turnpikes to see one of these chain-gangs. To each man's ankle was fastened a large iron ball, by a chain 7 or 8 feet long. When they had occasion to change their place, they would take the chain in their hand and draw the ball to them. More disconsolate, hopeless looking countenances I never saw. Thus they were made continually to feel their degradation, for it was near the City and strangers were passing nearly every minute in the day. All vindictive punishment is barbarous and wicked; but this practice of bringing criminals to the gaze of the public, chained on the highway, adds to its barbarous and inhuman character a little more of meanness, truly disgusting; and to crown all, the corporation pockets their wages and leaves the unfortunate sufferer's family to starve or beg for bread. A Christian City taking the bread earned by a father from his children's mouths, with which to beautify and adorn the city!

WM. E. LUKENS.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE for June is embellished, as usual, with several fine engravings, and contains contributions from Wm. Howitt, Longfellow, Mrs. Kirkland, G. G. Foster, Mrs. Sigourney, Rev. J. P. Durbin, and others. Mr. Foster's tale of 'The Independent Voter' we have half a mind to publish, illustrating as it does the morality of the Ballot Box not only in New York, but in many other places in this glorious country. The story is illustrated by a picture, of which it is praise enough to say that it is true to life.

TAKING IT HOME.—A correspondent of the Liberator having censured the Editor for speaking of James K. Polk with too great severity after his death, and advised him to 'take the matter home,' the latter thus replies:

We shall do (what we are quite sure our 'displeased friend' has not done, but) what he advises us to do in regard to the late James K. Polk—'take the matter home.' Nay, we did so at the time we wrote our notice of that eminently bad President. He left his slaves in their chains; and we tried to place ourself and family in their situation. We remembered all the horrors and atrocities of the Mexican war—how disaboli was the object for which it was waged—by whom it was instigated—and who it was that threatened, in advance, to veto the Wilmot Proviso, in case it should be adopted by Congress, under his administration. We made use of no 'vindicative language,' but only reiterated those sentiments which have been promulgated by us for the last twenty years. We did not write in a partisan spirit, for with neither of the political parties we are in agreement. That James K. Polk had 'his own peculiar views of right and wrong' may be true; so has the burglar, the assassin, the pirate.—That his errors were merely those of 'human weakness,' we do not believe; they were inexcusable, or there is no such thing as human criminality.

A RETROGRADE STEP.—In the New Hampshire State Prison, the old system of corporal punishment, which had been nearly abolished by the late Warden—only a few of the convicts having been whipped, and these during the past year, and whipping on the naked back, with a raw-hide, has been twenty-eight times resorted to, sometimes to the extent of sixteen or eighteen lashes.

News of the Week.

SLAVE STEALING.—What with the ravages of the Cholera, the incursions of kidnappers, and the efforts of the slaves themselves, assisted by confederates to escape, Slave property at the South is rapidly becoming a very precarious and insecure tenure. Every day's mail brings us fresh accounts of runaway slaves, negro stealing, &c. The latest is a long account which we find in the *Helena* (Ark.) *Shield*, of a system of Slave stealing which has just come to light in Monroe County, Ark., and in which several residents there, who had hitherto borne high characters, were implicated. Two Slaves who disappeared last Fall were sold by these men, and the latter shared the profits with them, and then got them to run away again.

NEW ROUTE TO NEW ORLEANS.—The merchants of New-York and New-Orleans are seriously talking of building a road (if such a work be practicable) across the northern part of Florida, the object of which would be to shorten the sea-route between the two cities about one thousand miles, and escape the dangers of the Florida reefs.

IMPORTANT MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The great South-Western mail, which has hitherto passed over the National Road to the Ohio River, is to be hereafter carried through this State, up Lake Erie to Sandusky, thence to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, &c. By this change two days' time will be saved.—*25th Eve. Jour.*

The Free Soilers of Ashabula hold their county Convention, at Jefferson, on Monday August, 13th.

Twenty-eight black men died of Cholera in Shirley, Va. The Richmond Whig announces the fact thus: "Mr. Carter has lost twenty-eight of his negroes!" No loss to anybody but Mr. Carter.

CHOLERA.—The latest reports show that the disease is abating in those places where it has heretofore raged with the greatest violence. It is still very prevalent, however, in most of the Cities and large towns in the South and West, and also in many places at the East. We trust the worst is over. Salem and vicinity is still healthy.

FATHER MATHEW.—The Apostle of Temperance, having escaped from the band of the wine-bibbers, has gone earnestly to work in administering the pledge of Total Abstinence to all who desire to receive it at his hands.—In Brooklyn, in a few days, he administered it to no less than 9000 persons. In New York he has enrolled his countrymen and others in the temperance ranks at the rate of 3000 a day. The keepers of grog-shops are appalled. The good Father will go next to Boston, where he is to have a grand reception in Faneuil Hall.

DEADLY DISASTER.—The bark Charles Bartlett, of Plymouth, Mass. was run down on the 27th ult., 700 miles West of Cape Cod, by the steamer Europa, in a dense fog, and sank in three minutes, and 131 human beings, mostly emigrants, found a watery grave.

At the funeral of Mrs. Madison were present two of her old friends who were present at her first marriage with Mr. Todd, sixty years ago, and one of whom was also present at her second marriage with Mr. Madison.—*National Intelligence.*

Rev. Asa D. Smith, of New York, has been appointed Professor of Theology in Lane Seminary. Dr. Beecher will continue President and Lecturer on Theology.

THE RIGHT GROUND.—A man claiming to be a reformed monk, but believed to be an impostor, undertook to lecture against Catholicism lately in Detroit, and the Catholics, or a portion of them, undertook to keep him from doing so by a mob. The Mayor when both lectured and be protected, at all hazards, violate the law; and if he violated it, he should be punished by the law, and not by a mob.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.—The National Intelligence announces that the exact time of the President's departure from Washington, and the route he may find it expedient to take, are unsettled, and it is not unlikely that the prevalence of the cholera may induce him to abandon the journey.

A CLEVERMAN DABBING IN WAR.—A military company of youth belonging to the Grotto Academy, celebrated the 4th in that town, and received from the Rev. Mr. Meade, a banner, who presented it "in behalf of some young ladies of the Academy." A minister of peace encouraging youth in the arts of war!—*East. Chronicle.*

CROCKETT once remarked that the union of the Church depended on the strength of the military.

A party of rowdy white boys attacked a Negro Temperance meeting in the suburbs of Baltimore on the 4th, stoning the negroes, and cutting the heads of a number in a most serious manner. They also destroyed their banners, and finally succeeded in driving them away altogether.

The Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Ct., has accepted the invitation of the New England Society, of New York, to become their Orator on the 29th of December next, the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

REV. S. J. MAY.—In reply to an invitation of the committee of arrangements at Syracuse to attend the celebration of the Fourth, this gentleman, among other things, says: "I have no objection to a procession with civic banners, and a band of music; nor to a feast of good things, and songs and mirth; but a display of murderous weapons, and of men practicing the arts of war, I hate."

A GOOD USE FOR SUNDAY.—Mr. Congdon, cashier of the Mechanics Bank in New Bedford last Sunday picked three pecks of strawberries in his garden, and making the owners of the poor find sugar, carried them to the Poor House, and gave its inmates a delicious feast.

HARRY BOWLER.—In St. Louis, a Mr. Schneider, supposed to be dead of Cholera, was hurried to the grave yard; but as the body was lowering into the grave, a knocking was heard in the coffin; the man was liberated, and it is said, is convalescent.

A LADY EDITOR.—Mr. Prewett, late editor of the *Yasoo City Whig*, having died, the publication of that paper has since been under the editorial charge and conduct of his

estimable and talented Widow, whose flowing pen and ready wit have of late been winning golden opinions from the fraternity at large.

FACST made its appearance two nights in succession lately in the British territory of New Brunswick.

REV. JOHN PHIBBS, of Troy, N. Y. has been invited to settle as a minister in Medford, Mass.

APPROPRIATE.—Bishop Hughes' organ—the Freeman's Journal—has the following leading article in its columns: "Chas. M. Norton, *Choice Brandy, Wines and Cigars.*" Francis Gilmore, Undertaker, *Ugh! Wares-house.* It is proper that the two should go together.

The Rev. George B. Cheever, of New York City, will deliver the Anniversary Oration, on the 31st of July, before the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

Lucretia Mott addressed a large assembly, at the Presbyterian Church at Casanova, N. Y., on Tuesday evening. The burden of her discourse was the increased liberality of christian sects, the peace principle, and a lengthy appeal in favor of woman's rights.

The Mexican Minister of War in his late report to his Government states the pumber Mexican women and children annually captured and carried off by the hostile Indians to be upward of six hundred. It is the practice of the savages to murder the men and hold the women as captives.

CHOLERA INCIDENTS.—The New York Express relates the following melancholy incidents: "Two young ladies, beautiful and accomplished—Mary Louisa and Virginia Star, one nineteen the other twenty-one years of age—were both engaged to be married on Monday last. On the Saturday night previously, a brook of ice cream, strawberries, and other fruit. The hour appointed for the wedding found both of them cold in death, with their bridal garments for winding sheet."

SNOW IN JULY.—A pedestrian just returned from the White Mountains writes to the Tribune that he saw near their summit, July 10th, several patches of snow, the remains of the winter's crop.

DEATH OF LITTLEJOHN.—The Western Olive Branch, published at Indianapolis, Indiana, states that Augustus Littlejohn, the celebrated Revivalist, recently died in the Ohio Penitentiary, whither he had been sent under the assumed name of Hamilton, but just previous to his death acknowledged that he was none other than Littlejohn, the Revivalist.

FATHER MATHEW IN WASHINGTON.—The hospitalities of the White House have been tendered to Father Mathew by the President, on his visit to Washington.—*Boston Whig.*

POPE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE STARVING INDIANS.—The Pope has sent Dr. M'Hale 20,000 francs toward the relief of the starving people of the West. The post which conveyed this respectable sum—upwards of \$800—was met by another bound for Gaucha with \$345, contributed by the people of the diocese of Tuam to the exchequer of his Holiness.

TYPE MADE OF COPPER.—A Mr. Peith, of Holborn, London, has discovered the power of making type, of infinite durability, from copper, at a less expense than that now produced from lead. A font of this new type will last for years, and is far more beautiful than any in present use.

FIRE IN MAUCH CHUCK.—A very destructive fire broke out in Mauch Chuck on Sunday, July 15, in the most flourishing and business portion of the town, destroying property estimated at \$150,000. At least thirty houses have been reduced to ashes.

DAVID WILMOT, the 'Proviso' man, delivered an eloquent oration in Bradford Co., Pa., on the 4th.

SUCCESS OF HOMOEOPATHY.—Of 93 decided cases of cholera reported by 14 Homoeopathic physicians of New York City, all but 13 were cured.

THE PAST.—The Cleveland True Democrat, speaking of Judge Tappan, President of the Ordinance Celebration on the 13th inst., states that on arriving at the mouth of the Cuyahoga fifty years ago, in the month of May, he found there one *log hut*—a sort of Indian hovel, kept by Lorenzo Carter. And what a change has he witnessed in that period!—It is most wonderful, and no language can describe it.

There is no cholera at Niagara Falls, and there has not been any during the season; nor was there a single case there in 1832, or 1834.

THE OHIO STATE FAIR has been postponed until next year, in consequence of the sickness in Cincinnati and its vicinity.

REV. R. J. SMITH, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., probably to familiarize himself with the practical nature of sin, has recently seduced one Mary Jane Tribon, from Auburn, Me. Smith had a wife and family, in which the girl resided. Miss T. has been at home several weeks in a state bordering on distraction.—*Buffal. (Me.) Journal.*

Notice of Meetings.

Henry C. Wright will hold meetings, on Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th, at BENTON, Mahoning Co., to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the past, and hopeful of still greater success in the future, we propose to hold a **FAIR AT RAVENNA** the second week in September; the proceeds of which, as heretofore, will be placed in the Treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

Sewing circles are in operation in various places, making preparation for the proposed Fair—aid is also expected, from our friends in the East—and we earnestly ask that all who are interested in the welfare of the slave and favorable to the objects of the W. A. S. Soc. will send in their contributions. As the Society, Messrs. E. Steadman, Randolph, Lydia Irish, New Lisbon, Suffern, Sully, Julia Briggs, Cynthia Price, Martha J. Griffith, Jane Faxon, New Garden, Rachel Trezcott, Salem, R. S. Thomas, Marlboro, Margaret Rice, Eliza Smith, Merce, Jane M. Trezcott, Mrs. Whitmore, Andover, J. Elizabeth Jones, Mary Whiting, Canton, Mary A. Denning, Newburg, Grant, Cora C. Corlies, Adin, Lynde, Laura Denning, N. Lyme, burg, Sarah Armstrong, Colum. J. S. Griffling, Litchfield, blank, Jennie Brookier, E. Holmes, Columbiana.

Receipts.

Enos Lewis, Reonville,	1.00	960
E. Hillis, Montpelier,	1.00	189
Enoch Wilson, Mexico,	1.00	341
Levi L. Leslie, Wilkaville,	1.00	515
Jno. S. Smith,	1.00	515
C. B. Vincent, Chagrin Falls,	1.00	953
Willard Curtis, Farmington,	1.00	163
John T. Brown, Allegheny City,	1.00	140
Abraham Harzell, 2d, Benton,	1.00	336
Michael Hardman, Washingtonville,	1.00	251
Adna Silvers, Meredith's Mills,	1.00	251
Ezra Brannen,	1.00	251
Sam. Davis,	1.00	251
Chesman Miller, Redfield,	1.00	253
Levi Birdall, Salem,	1.00	351
E. A. Lukens, Salem,	1.00	351
Peter Sadwick, New Castle,	1.00	351
Henry Halshawkat, Deerfield,	1.00	351
Jacob Galbreath, Franklin Square,	1.00	351
Ransom Baldwin, Litchville,	1.00	351
Jon. Marsh, Fairfield,	1.00	351
Reuben Irwin, Columbiana,	1.00	351
T. E. Vickers, Franklin Square,	1.00	351
Sam. D. Irvin, Columbiana,	1.00	351
Ellis Cape,	1.00	351
Eliza Holloway,	1.00	351
A. Ramsey, Randolph, (donation),	1.00	351
Whitney & Hewitt, Salem,	1.00	351
S. May, Jr., Leicester,	1.00	351
David Hillis, Maiden Creek,	1.00	351
L. A. Baraby, Granger,	1.00	351
Joseph Elyson, Danavacville,	1.00	351
A. Scott, Marlboro,	1.00	351
Jonathan Morris, Darlington,	1.00	351
Ann King, N. Ferrisburgh,	1.00	351
S. C. Merredith, Meredith's Mills,	1.00	351
J. C. Whitney, Salem,	1.00	351
Jno. Bana, Randolph,	1.00	351
A. Field, Akron,	1.00	351
Ben. Howard, 1st, Mesopotamia,	1.00	351
C. & A. Belden, Farmington,	1.00	351
D. A. Bacon, Mesopotamia,	1.00	351
D. C. Thayer, Greenburg,	1.00	351
H. L. Bangs, Litchfield,	1.00	351
Alvira Paine,	1.00	351
John Duquoir, Brockville,	1.00	351
Mary Bruce, New-Lisbon,	1.00	351
Elwood Whitney, New Garden,	1.00	351

Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscriber's name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

No subscriber need expect that a reduction from the price of \$150 will be made, unless the money is forwarded at the time specified in the published terms.

MARRIED.—On the 18th inst., at the residence of John Trego, Jr., by R. R. Shreve, Esq., GENTS, MIDDLETON to MARY C. TREGO, all of Mahoning county.

AT STENHILLE.—On the evening of the 13th of 7th mo. 1849, by J. McKinney (Mayor), DR. CALAN HENRY CUFF, of Columbiana, Belmont County, Ohio, to JULIA ANN, daughter of Israel Presolt, dec'd. late of Wayne County Indiana.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to those desirous of entering upon a course of Medical studies or of receiving instruction in Anatomy and Physiology, that he is prepared to accept students upon liberal terms, and can offer some inducements, which the generally of private physicians do not possess. And as he is desirous of woman's approximating her true sphere of usefulness, a perfect equality with man, and as the advanced state of education in this country now demands that she also shall reap the benefit of solid scientific acquirements, he would encourage females to devote a portion of their time and talents to the acquisition of knowledge in the above branches which as woman so intimately concerns her own welfare and her station in life as a wife and mother. To any such who may think fit to place themselves under his instruction, particular care and attention shall be paid, so that they shall have no cause to regret having entered upon a study both elevating and useful in its tendencies, though sometimes irksome or tedious in its preliminary steps and at present too unusual for females in this country.

Also feels prepared to perform all operations pertaining to his profession as Surgeon, particularly the correction of deformities and removal of tumors.

K. G. THOMAS:

Marlborough, Stark Co., O., July 20, 1849.

JAMES BARNABY,
PLAIN & FASHIONABLE
TAILOR.

Cutting done to order, and all work warranted.
Corner of Main & Chestnut streets, Salem Ohio.

BENJAMIN BOWN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Poetry.

Abram and Zimri.

BY CLARENCE C. COOK.

[There is a tradition among the Jews that the field mentioned in the following poem, and consecrated to purely by brotherly love, was chosen by Solomon as the most worthy spot for the erection of his temple to God.]

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together—
A level field hid in a happy vale.
They plowed it with one plow, and in the Spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
Each one carried to his home one-half the sheaves.
Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.
One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed,
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike;
He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his mine."
So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky.
The branches waved, and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap.
Now that same night as Abram lay in bed
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help.
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me, and mine;
(For these two till the happy vale alone).
While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife, and seven sons
Who aid me in my toil, and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
'Tis surely not pleasing unto God.
I will arise, and gird myself and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."
So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky.
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.
So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil.
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap
Though he had given a third, was still the same.
Now the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky.
The olive-branches whispered in the wind.
Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And looking to the left and right went on,
Took from his simple store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms
And wept on his neck and kissed his cheek,
And Abram saw the whole—and could not speak—
Neither could Zimri, for their hearts were full.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

From the National Era.

One Lonely Star.
A FRAGMENT.

Read before the Salem (Ohio) Literary Circle convened at Friends' School-House, 2d mo. 3d, 1849.

BY BENJAMIN STANTON, M. D.

I see the twinkling of one lonely star!
Is it the star that ever and anon
Hangs in yon northern pole with placid light,
To which the wandering, sea-torn'd mariner,
When fuming billows threaten to engulf,
Still turns with anxious gaze his watchful eye,
As pines the helm that guides his fragile bark
To his safe port, his home, his hope, his heaven?
Is it that heavenly index hung on high,
To guide the weary wanderer on his way
From lands where Africa's sons in slavery pine,
To that where woe-worn slaves weep no more,
But men, in all the dignity of man,
Shakes off the shackles that oppress his soul,
And stands erect, redeemed and disinclined,
The image of the God that gave him being?

I see the twinkling of one lonely star—
Is it the star of eve, whose lovely beams,
When on the pillow of the western wave
The golden orb of day has sunk to rest,
And all the transitory, fading hues
That decorate the skirts of night's rich robe
Have faded from the sky, are softly shed,
Like beams of hope, to teach the drooping soul
All is not darkness, though the sun is hid?

I see the twinkling of one lonely star—
Is it the morning star, with soft bright eye,
Emerging brilliant from the eastern main,
With beams fresh-bathed in floods of orient light?
Glad harbinger of an approaching day,
Dispelling darkness with her radiant face,
She hails the waking world to join the song
Which erst the song's or Nature's finished works—
"Good is the Matter—all his works are good!"

I see the twinkling of one lonely star—
Is it the star

(Forgive, O heavenly beam, the transient thought)
Of glory, glittering on the warrior's crest?
'Tis not the glory of the east, nor
Which like a death-light rises from the tomb
Of slaughtered millions, crushed beneath the tread
Of the rude conqueror; only to delude
Its votaries, kneeling where the streams of blood
Flow around, to worship at its shrine;
While hordes of human sacrifice
Peep out their souls upon its gory altar,
And call it great!

No; it is not this,
Nor "the lone star of Texas," whose dark disk

Rose when the arch fiend, brooding o'er the sea
Of vice and degradation whence it springs,
Clothed in the mantle of creative power,
Said, "Be there blackness," and the thing was made.

No! 'tis not this, nor Fortune's fickle star!
Nor yet the star of beauty, whose fair blaze
With transient radiance lights the youthful brow,
Then fades and is forgotten—'tis not this—
No; it is none of these. It is a star
Of meeker, milder, more benignant beam,
Whose semblance shone in Bethlehem—the ray
That lighted Judea's shepherds in their tents,
And led her wise men ('tis the wise who follow)
To the rough tentment, the humble shed,
Where he who would have been her Saviour lay.

'Tis that fair star whose photographic ray,
Bright as the morning, gentle as her dew,
Imprints its image on the human heart,
And with a pencil of its golden light
Writes out the Law Divine upon the soul—
'To man, thy brother, what's'er his lot,
Give thou the boon that thy own wants would crave.
This is the path of virtue—walk therein."

A Brother's Death.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a sweet embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

[ALICE CAREY.—N. Y. Eve. Post.]

Miscellaneous.

From the New-York Tribune.

THE DOOM OF IRELAND.

*** Yet human life has deeper
tragedies than those of the battle-field.—
Her most startling are by no means her
saddest calamities. Horrible as War is,
it seldom utterly dooms us to despair;
but bright vistas of hope for Human
Progress and Melioration are sometimes
opened even by the cannon's blind, im-
petuous messenger of death. War sweeps
over hapless nations like the hurricane
and the thunder-storm, and like these its
mission has sometimes been to renovate
and purify. But when the life-blood of
a People is seen slowly oozing out in
quiet, and the body sinking gradually in-
to atrophy and ultimate decay, without a
thought or hope of resistance, much less
of deliverance, that is a spectacle which
angels well may weep over and good
men must in anguish deplore.

—Turn not away impatiently, for we
are not about to harrow up your sensi-
bilities with fresh details of the horrors
now enacting in Ireland. Of houseless
wanderers, and famishing babes, and
cannibal orgies, and unburied corpses,
the world has heard enough. Its feelings
have been rendered callous by the repeti-
tion and variation of the one unvarying
tale,—until it is hardly necessary longer
to skip the news from Ireland in order
to escape the sensation of horror that
news is calculated to excite. To hear
of the starvation of another lot of Irish
cottagers is deemed about as inevitable
as to learn that so many deaths occurred
last week in some distant city, and makes
about the same impression.

But there is one important question we
do not see considered even by the
journals most voluble of details of Irish
suffering and starvation. It concerns the
ultimate causes of these gigantic horrors.
The fact that so many men have starved
to death, or died of eating loathsome
food, is simply revolting—why should
we know it at all unless to study its
causes and thence determine how
such tragedies may henceforth be avoided?
But for this, let us remain in igno-
rance of Ireland's agonies, unmatched in
modern times. If they are to teach us
nothing, why should they torture us?

There are a great many hypotheses
propounded to account for Ireland's
woes. One attributes them to the un-
balanced ascendancy of her People's
chosen Priesthood—another lays stress
on the exactions of the Established
Church. One exclaims against Foreign
rule, another against Celtic sloth and
improvidence. It strikes us that it is a
sufficient reply to all these—not denying
that any one or more of them may exert
an unpropitious influence—that all of
them exist elsewhere without producing
such calamities. Poland is a subjugated
country, its Catholic people ruled with a
rod of iron by an anti-Catholic despot,
who is specially desirous of molding all
his subjects into conformity with that
Church of which he is terrestrial Head.
French Brittany and other portions of
Continental Europe are mainly peopled
by Celtic races, but their people seldom
starve. We suspect the Celts of the
Continent are as little addicted to starva-
tion as the Saxons or Danes. The mor-
ning cause of Ireland's woes is other than
any of these.

Let us here glance at a few facts—
first in relation to the extent of the pre-
vailing desolation. The County Survey-
or of Mayo was recently examined be-
fore the House of Lords, and testified as
follows:

"In Mayo County alone fifty thousand
acres of ground, heretofore in cultivation,
with an enormous extent of mountainous
country, have been abandoned. In 1845,
the population was 400,000 and upward.
It has since decreased to 300,000. Of
the deficit, 100,000, about 50,000 died
through the effects of the famine, 50,000
emigrated to the colonies, & the remain-
ing 20,000 fled to the neighboring coun-
ties of England and Scotland. Of the
300,000 still in Mayo, there are only
20,000 families capable of supporting
themselves."

Another witness testified that Mayo
had formerly possessed cattle to the val-
ue of \$1,000,000. Now he had just rid-
den across the county without seeing
even a single cow.

One more circumstance will serve to
"point a moral" to the above. An En-
glish proprietor of an Irish estate last
year got rid of all his Irish tenants, re-
solved to have his lands cultivated after
the most improved English fashion. He
took over a thoroughly capable English
farmer to examine and make an offer for
the land. The farmer went over it thor-
oughly, studied and figured, and made
his offer. He must have a decent farm
house built for him, the land one year
rent-free to get it in order, and then he
would take the whole on a long lease at
9s. (92.) per acre. "But," remonstrated
the astonished owner, "my Irish tenants
I have turned off paid me £1 15s.
(\$8) per acre." "I can't help that,"
said the business-like farmer; "I have
counted carefully, and this land is worth
but 9s. per acre. If you can find men
to work it for nothing and give the pro-
duct for the privilege of staying on it,
that is your luck; but I can't work land
on such terms."

One more fact. We lately conversed
with one of the better class of fugitives
just from Ireland—a man whose integri-
ty and worth, none who saw him could
doubt. He had for twenty years worked
thirty acres of right good land—about as
good as Ireland can afford. He had
worked hard, lived frugally, and met
with no special misfortunes. He began
with a snug little property, and hung on
till he had barely enough left, by selling
everything, to take his family to Wiscon-
sin, whither he has gone. What rent do
you suppose he paid for those thirty
acres? Ninety pounds, or over \$15 per
acre, every year. Can you pretend not
to see what ate him up?

Talk not then of Irish indolence, nor
unthrift, nor priestly influence, nor even
of the Potato-Rot. The blight of the po-
tato is a bad thing, but it only brings the
disease to a speedier crisis. The blight
of a Land-Stealing Aristocracy was there
before it. When Ireland's soil was de-
clared the property of certain favorites of
her English conqueror—when British
swords and British law decreed that Ire-
land's Poor should till her soil not main-
ly for themselves but for absentee land-
lords, the doom of Ireland was sealed.—
its execution may be modified, suspen-
ded, accelerated, by good or bad harvests,
the failure of a root or the crushing of a
rebellion, but the essential curse is in the
Land-Laws which compel her people to be
ignorant, wretched and famishing
while producing wholesome food enough
to feed boundlessly a much larger popu-
lation. Who so blind as not to see that
Land Monopoly is the paramount curse
of Ireland?

From the North British Review.
JOHN POUNDS.

JOHN POUNDS, the founder of Ragged
Schools, was the son of a workman em-
ployed in the Royal Dockyards at Port-
smouth, and was born in that town in 1766.
At the age of fifteen he met with an ac-
cident, which crippled him for life. A
cobbler by trade, he spent the greater
part of his benevolent career in a small
workshop, measuring some six feet by
eighteen, in St. Mary street, Portsmouth,
where he might be seen day after day
seated on his stool, mending shoes, and
attending at the same time to the studies
of a busy crowd of ragged children clus-
tering around him. In addition to his
industrial training, and taught them to
cook their own victuals and mend their
own shoes. He was unusually fond of
all kinds of birds and domestic animals,
and amused himself with rearing singing-
birds, jays, and parrots, which he trained
to live harmoniously with his cats and
guinea-pigs. Sometimes he might be
seen, seated in the midst of his school,
with a canary-bird perched on one shoul-
der, and a cat on the other. But he was
too poor to be able long to indulge in all
his benevolent fancies. When his schol-
ars became numerous, he gave up his
cats and canary-birds, and devoted the
latter part of his life exclusively to the
more intellectual employment of taming
and subduing the "wild Arabs of the
city." How applicable to him the im-
mortal lines of Coleridge:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
All things both great and small;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
Both man and bird, and beast;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The candidates for admission to John
Pounds' school were always very nume-
rous. But he invariably gave preference
to the worst as well as poorest children—
to the "little blackguards," as he called
them. He used to follow them to the
quay, and offer them the bribe of a
roasted potato, if they would come to his
school. Well was he repaid for his un-
wearied labors by the love and affection
which these children bore to him. It is
said that John Pounds' Ragged School
had the following origin: In early life
he adopted a young nephew of his own,
whom he thought he could educate better
with a companion than alone, and he ac-
cordingly enlisted in his service the son
of a poor woman. Then another and
another child was added, until at last he
had collected around him a large school
of boys and girls. Poor as he was, he
established his nephew comfortably in
the world; and during the latter years
of his life he had no less than twenty
scholars. He died on the 1st January,

1839, aged seventy-two. There was
much weeping and shedding of tears at
Portsmouth. The children had lost at
once their father, and best friend, and
most amusing playfellow—Portsmouth
lost one of her most illustrious patri-
ots. We rejoice to think that many
who never before heard of John Pounds
will, through Mr. Guthrie's "Second
Plea," become acquainted with him.—
How beautiful is the following tribute to
his memory!

"Were we (says Mr. Guthrie) to make
a pilgrimage anywhere, as soon as to the
lowly heath where the martyr reposes,
we would direct our pilgrim steps to the
busy streets of Portsmouth, and turning
aside from the proud array of England's
floating bulwarks, we would seek out the
humble shop where John Pounds achiev-
ed his works of mercy and earned an
imperishable fame. There is no poetry
in his name, and none in his profession;
but there was more than poetry—the high-
est, noblest piety—in his life. Every
day within his shop he might be seen
cobbling shoes, and surrounded by some
score or two of ragged urchins, whom he
was converting into useful members of
the State. Honor to the memory of the
patriot cobbler, beneath whose leathern
apron beat the kindest heart—there
glowed a bosom fired with the noblest
ambition; and who, without fee from
scholar or reward from man, while he
toiled for his hard-earned bread with the
sweat of his brow, educated not less than
five hundred orphans, before they laid
him in the lowly grave! Honor, we say
again, to the memory of this illustrious
patriot! Nor is there in all the world
any sight we would have traveled so far
or so soon to see, as that self-same man,
when he followed some ragged boy along
the quays of Portsmouth, keeping his
kind keen eye upon him, and tempting
the young savage to his school with the
bribe of a smoking potato. Princes and
peers, judges and divines, might have
stood uncovered in his presence; and
now marble monuments might be remov-
ed from the venerable walls of West-
minster—poets, warriors, and statesmen
might give place—to make room for
him."

John Pounds has a nobler and more
lasting monument than any of marble or
of brass—"monumentum aere perennius,
regalique situ pyramidum altius"—he
has

"For epitaph a life well spent,
And mankind for a monument."

TO KEEP FISH ALIVE.—The London
Literary Gazette has the following, in
relation to keeping fish alive:

"Those worthy individuals who take
delight in Isaac Walton's art, and who,
moreover, are in the habit of sending the
results of their sports to their epicurean
acquaintances, must learn an indispensa-
ble piece of information, viz: how to
keep fish fresh. This may be done by
soaking the soft part of bread in brandy,
and inserting it into the gill of the fish
while it is yet alive, afterward sprinkling
it over gently with brandy. Thus pre-
pared and carefully packed in straw, the
fish will keep alive ten or twelve days,
as may be proved by putting it in fresh
water at the end of that time, when, af-
ter a few hours' immersion, it will re-
cover from its protracted drunkenness."

There, the thing is out! We
have often been stumped to tell what li-
quor is good for if not to drink, and
haven't always been able to answer to the
querist's satisfaction. But now we have
it—it is good to keep fish alive and sweet
out of water. That's an excellent use,
and no fair man should object to it.—
Now remember the directions, and don't
put the brandy to the fish after he is
cooked. It won't preserve him then.—
N. Y. Tribune.

CHOLERA IN THE SOUTH.—The Cholera
is sweeping off the black population in
great numbers. A letter from the Par-
ish of Ascension, La., dated June 18,
says: For instance Dr. Duffel has lost
7 negroes, M. Le Blanc 4, Trist 20,
Kenner 34, Deile 40, Minor has lost 66
within a week. These are within sight
of our house. Down the Lafourche,
Col. Bibb has lost 74, Bishop Polk 64,
and many others in proportion. The
victims seldom have any premonitory
symptoms. They are taken with a
weakness in their legs, and in two hours
they are dead! They have neither di-
arrhea or vomiting. It is awful to see how
they drop down in the field—at one mo-
ment perfectly well and hearty, and by
the time they are carried to the house
they are no more. Every morning there
are a number reported dead on the dif-
ferent plantations. This morning there
were 3 at Mr. McCall's, 1 at Dr. Duf-
fel's, and 8 out of 12 at Dr. Brunner's.—
I will say no more on this subject, it is
too awful to dwell upon. As yet very
few white persons have been affected on
the coast.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABOUT.—The fol-
lowing is a verbatim copy of a notice
which was posted up on one of the church-
es in this village, on Sunday last:

"A pool read cow lost how ever will
give information shall be handsomely paid
for there trouble the bearer lives the first
house north of priest moulbays."—Tues-
ton Democrat.

When a Kentucky judge, some years
since, was asked by an attorney, upon
some strange ruling, "is that the law,
your honor?" he replied, "if the court
understands herself, and she think she
do, it is!"

GENIUS AND LIBERTY walk together.
Their footsteps are never effaced from
the earth. When oppressed in one region
they appear in another—when they disap-
pear in the East, they shine forth in splen-
dor from the West, and thus, in the Italian
Republic, as in every other, it is easy to
see their weaknesses and to trace their
downfall. A fundamental evil was the
want of a Federal compact, for mutual
protection and the repulsion of foreign
foes. Another was the want of the dif-
fusion of Knowledge. Machiavelli was
more terrible to despotism than any oth-
er of his time, because his influence was
strong in behalf of popular rights. Look
at that magnificent scoundrel of Russia!
Give him a houseful of metaphysicians
and theologians to discuss extinct dogmas
and exploded theories, and he is perfectly
content—but you send an honest man
there, to the foot of the throne where the
Autocrat sits: and let him give a plain
statement of what Truth requires, what
Men will have, of the wants of the Age
—and he will trample on that throne
like a fiend in Hell! There is nothing
so painful to the spirit of Tyranny as
honest Truth. The mightiest engine of
Truth is mainly eloquence—displaying
the best energies of the soul in express-
ing those evils which oppress it most.—
The eloquence of Nations constitutes a
sure exponent of its political condition.
The effluency of Italy was relieved by
but two men, and their thoughts were
compelled to sleep in manuscript until
the close of the Eighteenth Century.—
That period forms the isthmus between
the Middle Ages and modern times.—
Magoon's Oration.

ELECTION SCENE AMONG THE WEST INDIA
NEGROES.—The election at the French
Island of Martinique for two Members
of the National Assembly has been a
great event among the people. 70,000
enfranchised slaves voted upon the occa-
sion. Bessette, a colored man, and Pu-
col, a planter, were returned by a large
majority. 130,000 votes were polled.—
Bessette had suffered punishment at the
hands of the planters in the cause of
emancipation. He participated in the
late revolution in France, and scarcely
allowed the Provisional Government to
get well into operation, before he peti-
tioned for the emancipation of the blacks
in all the colonies of France. Bessette
and Puicol are said to be of the Red
Republican order.

A FEMALE PROPHET.—There is a young
girl near the Phil. Pike, in Brandy-
wine Hundred, who imagines herself in a
trance, and that she can prophesy and
hold conversation with the Lord. She
is constantly pretending to hold conver-
sation with the Lord in Latin. She got
religion some time since at Mount Pleas-
ant; she then stated that about this time
she would be able to prophesy. Some
of the Brandywine physicians went to
see her, and took down some of her Latin
conversation. Crowds are there in car-
riages and on foot to see her—and many
appeared astonished at what they considered
her true revelations.—Blue Hen's
Chicken.

WHAT A THING IT IS TO BE FAMOUS.—
'Old Whitley,' who bore General Taylor
through the brunt of the Mexican war
with as much coolness as any veteran
could display, was handsomely entertain-
ed on his arrival at Louisville. Some
ladies caressed him, and others secured
some hairs from his tail—the sweet crea-
tures! The President was incensed
when he witnessed the sad havoc that
had been made with the ornamental part
of his favorite steed, and gave orders to
have him strictly guarded against further
intrusion of this sort.

OHIO SHEETINGS.—A cotton Mill, the
first established in Northern Ohio, has
recently been put in operation at San-
dusky. The main building is a hundred
and thirty feet in length, and contains
machinery for the manufacture of 2,000
yards of sheeting per day. At present
it turns out eight hundred yards of heavy
sheeting, equal, says a paper published
at that place, to the very best manufac-
tured in New-England. The water is
supplied by springs, around which a
handsome little village, under the clas-
sic name of Castilia, has grown up with-
in a few months.

A Judge was reprimanding an at-
torney for bringing several small suits
into Court, and remarked that it would
have been much better for all parties had
he persuaded his clients to leave their
causes to the arbitration of two or three
honest men. "Please your honor," re-
torted the lawyer, "we did not choose to
trouble honest men with them."

A HIT.—Some stiff anti-slavery reso-
lutions passed the Connecticut House of
Representatives the other day, with only
two dissenting votes. One of the Har-
ford editors was very much disturbed
about it, and meeting Mr. Brockway of
Lyme, said to him, "There are but two
Democrats in the House upon whom I
can rely—the two who voted against
those resolutions." "You remind me of
a certain book I once read," replied
Brockway. "What is that?" asked the
editor. "The devil on two sticks."—
The editor vanished.—Chronotype.

A lawyer of —, Mr. G.—, was
the other day rather roughly used in
the trial of a case by an opposing coun-
sellor, Mr. F.—. Meeting him in
the street, the former told the latter, if he
ever again was impertinent, "he would
handle him without gloves." "That's
more than I would do with you," was
the cool reply of F.—.

The Roman Republicans.—Bishop Hughes,
in his second letter on the Peter's Pence,
made an earnest protest against comparing the
Roman with our own revolution. To this the
N. Y. Tribune responds:

"The Bishop protests against all compari-
son of the Roman Republic with our
own forefathers, deeming the former assas-
sins, liars, despoilers of churches, &c. We
apprehend that there is some truth at the
bottom of this contrast—that the mass of the
Italians are far less fitted for securing, de-
fending, and enjoying the blessings of Lib-
erty, than our forefathers were. Whether it
is politic in a Catholic Bishop to draw the
contrast so broadly, in view of the precedent
history and dominant faith of the two coun-
tries, is a question to be pondered; and, at all
events, if ten centuries of ecclesiastical sov-
ereignty have left the Romans so wretchedly
qualified for Freedom, we can hardly wonder
that they grow tired of such unprofitable
schooling. We trust the truth grows every
day more manifest, that the only fit propa-
gation for creating worthily the part of Free
men is Freedom."

THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGES.—On
Friday morning last the extensive Circus and
Equestrian troupe of Col. Mann crossed the
Suspension Bridge, on route to Canada. The
company occupied 32 horse teams, headed by
the large four-horse band wagon, together
with their baggage and paraphernalia. As
little delay occurred as at any ordinary bridge,
and the men and horses appeared quite at
home. The whole flooring of the bridge (800
feet long) appeared occupied at one time, and
presented, from the water's edge, (320 feet
below,) a scene of unequalled beauty and
grandeur—the wires resembling more a spider's
web woven across this otherwise impos-
sible chasm, than the firm and solid carriage-
way.—Buffalo Com.

A GRAVE JOKE.—A Cincinnati paper re-
lates the case of a man who rose from his
coffin while the burial service was perform-
ing. It adds: "The consternation of the
assembled company may be imagined, but it
cannot be described. Some were for leaving
immediately, some were incredulous, and
some believed a miracle had been performed.
This scene took place on Walnut st. above
Canal, and may be ascertained by any one
disputing our report. At last accounts the
person was doing well. We understand the
cause of the man's stupor was too large a
quantity of cholera medicine given him, con-
taining opium."

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Salem, March 2, 1849.—#38 of H. of.

Agents for the "Bugle."
—:—:—:
OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I
Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Margaret Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swaine.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Colombus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Harburt, Elijah Peoz,
Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester; Roads; Adam Sanders.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J.
Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Anderson; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whit-
more.

Acher Town; A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine; Simon Shverts.
Granger; L. S. Speer.
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Puckett.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Peas; John L. Michner.
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.